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Wayside Gleanings.

FOR THE TIMES.

The Man I Like.

I like the man who does maintain
A dignity and grace;
Who can be social when there's need,
And always knows his place.
I love the man whose blandest smile
Is seen at home, "sweet home,"
Who, when his daily task is o'er,
Has no desire to roam.
I like the man whose piercing glance
Will make the guilty start;
As though he had the power to search
His very inmost heart.
I like the man whose generous soul
Pities the orphan's woe;
Who never lets the needy one
Unaided from him go.
I'd have him generous, good, and just,
As God made man to be;
The noblest work below the sun
Is such a one as he.
And now I've told you whom I like
And you may think the same;
Should Mr. Such-a-one come long,
Then I would change my name.
Randolph.

FOR THE TIMES.

From Mollie's Scrap-book.

"Love's first steps are upon the rose,"
says the proverb—"its second finds the thorn." Like the maiden of the fairy tale, we destroy our spell when we open it to examine in what characters it is written. In its ignorance it is happiness; there is none of the anxiety that is the fever of hope—no fears, for there is no calculation—no selfishness, for it asks for nothing—no disappointment, for nothing is expected; it is like the deep quiet enjoyment of looking in the bright sunshine, without thinking of either how the glad warmth will ripen our flowers, or how the dark clouds in the distance forebode a storm. I doubt whether this morning twilight of the affections has the same extent of devotion and influence in man that it has in woman; the necessity of exertion for attainment has been early inculcated upon him—he knows that if he would win, he must woo—and his imagination acts chiefly as a stimulant. But woman's is of a more passive kind; she has no motive for analyzing feelings whose future rests not with herself: more imaginative from early sedentary habits, she is content to dream on, till some chance reveals to herself the secret she would never have learned from self-investigation. Imbued with all the timidity, exalted by all the romance of a first attachment, never did a girl yet calculate on making what is called a conquest of the man she loves. A conquest is the resource of weariness—the consolation of disappointment—a second world of vanity and ambition, sighed for like Alexander's, but not till we have wasted and destroyed the heart's first sweet world of early love. Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girl-hood is a beautiful season and its love—its warm, uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment; after years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end, destroys its immortality; and thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings—the chances and changes of life's commonplace employments and pleasures.

"There is nothing on earth so charming or delicious, as the possession of pure, immutable affections." One has said "the most happy moments of a man's life; the most pleasurable and delightful sensations which he can possibly feel, is when he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart, the pride of his soul." Nothing in this life can be more pure, more devoted, than woman's love; it matters not whether it be confined to lover, husband, parents or friends, it remains the same unquenchable flame, which nothing but death can extinguish. A woman's love is essentially lonely and spiritual in its nature—feeding on fancy, rather than hope—or like that fancy flower of the East, which floats in and lives upon the air. Her attachment is the heathenism of the heart; she has herself created the glory and beauty with which the idol of her altar stands invested.

Alas! for earthly joy, when hope and love
Are stricken down in their holiest hour;
What deep, heart-wriving anguish must they prove
Who live to weep the blasted tree and flower.
Randolph.

FOR THE TIMES.

Follies of Fashion.

This thing Fashion that has always excited so much interest, and consumed so much of the precious time and money of the people, and destroyed so many of the lives of its votaries, is nothing more than a mere outward form, designed to improve the personal appearance of the individuals who adopt it; or when applied to society, to bestow upon those families or communities, who come nearest keeping up with it, the highest rank. It is said to be an invention of the adversary of the soul of man; and therefore, must be a hindrance to his mental and moral development. Able writers have protested against its sway again and again. Its weakness has been ridiculed from time to time, and by all classes from the most Saracenic to the Despot on his throne. It has been acknowledged to be a moral injury to society by the most intrepid thinkers of all ages. Yet, notwithstanding, it has been cherished in the hearts of men; and even encouraged by the approbation of its protestants, from the ages of antiquity when ignorance prevailed, to this modern age of progression and improvement.

Pride, which is the great incentive of this folly, has from the beginning been implanted in the heart of man, and has always proved deleterious to his usefulness. He has not unfrequently been plunged into a perfect dilemma from yielding to its influence; when, if he had disregarded its first dictates, he might have been freed from all its offered escorts to rank in society.

By reviewing the pages of history we find that every generation has had its fashions, and peculiar customs. None have been exempt from the poisonous influence of this folly. And we find that this evil like many others, has been gradually increasing in intensity through each successive age.

It generally purports to be a display of taste; but often deviates far from the mark. At some times, however, they seem to have aimed at oddity more than any thing else, for even the most unrefined persons would have objected to complying with such gross customs: their uncluttered taste would have shown them that there was no beauty connected with it. Yet for the sake of being in the fashion, they adopt these customs.

But we can make some allowance for the ancient and modern fashions of heathen nations; but for such as are practised among the inhabitants of our country, in this enlightened age, we cannot account. If there is any taste displayed in cruelly boring the flesh, for the sake of having some place to hang gold about the person, it is latent to us as yet. It is done to make the person more beautiful.—Poor blind creatures! they forget that He who made them formed them in as perfect a manner as it could have been done. To think that they would punish themselves for the sake of making an addition to these perfectly formed bodies! That is laying great stress on the wisdom of God! But again, as if they feared that an explosion would take place, they must have some hoops of the shining metal for their fingers and wrists. And for fear that some one might step up and take their watch out of their pockets, they have it chained to their necks; but they take a deal of care, to have the chain very nice, made of the precious shining dust. It would do very well for persons who are occasionally deprived of their

right minds, by the use of intoxicating liquors, or any thing else, to adopt this plan; but it is certainly an unnecessary expense for the sober person. It seems too, that they entertain some fear of losing their collars; for we see them, very often, with some less than a pound of gold hanging to them where they fasten. I believe they call them *breast pins*. They have, also, another kind of gold pin which they use to pin their cuffs, like a neat pearl button would not be much more convenient.

We are sorry to say that these fashions belong, principally, to our sex. We regret very much that such is the case, for the other sex are prone to call us weak minded—or like that fancy flower of the East, which floats in and lives upon the air. Her attachment is the heathenism of the heart; she has herself created the glory and beauty with which the idol of her altar stands invested.

There are also fashions among the other sex that we regard as quite absurd. They believe in the maxim "The tailor makes the man." When we see a man all dressed up with a hoop on his little finger, we don't know what to think; but we can't help thinking there is a vacancy.

Jan. 22. 1856.

Literary.

FOR THE TIMES.

Rail Road Reflections.

The passenger car affords a fine field for observation, the different stations simply relieve the monotony, and a night ride, after a day's collection of incidents, gives the writer, at least, an opportunity for reflection. A number of passengers as material, and the occasional suggestions of an old man, at my side, produced the following thoughts in reference to Universities.

It is supposed that every State must have a University at least, if not other similar Institutions, controlled and sustained by the State, for the avowed purpose of affording the most thorough and finished instruction. It is considered just to build and sustain these Universities by the public funds either directly or indirectly, because they are to benefit the whole commonwealth. Since no religious denomination can be established and sustained by Government, no one can fairly control the Institutions in question. Now, said institutions manifestly have some advantages. They can command the best talent in the country; they can organize numerous departments; they are able to buy the most extensive apparatus; not depending upon the number of students, they can exact a higher grade of scholarship and the most rigid discipline; and finally they have the influence of the leading men in the State. The following are some of the evils to which they are liable:

1. Appointments in the Faculty may be made to gratify or sustain parties, families, or denominations, irrespective of suitable qualifications; or, again, great reputation may secure a position when the incumbent has neither learning, nor any other qualifications proper for a teacher. All of which is sustained by the fact, that the instruction of a University must not be questioned.

2. The chief reliance may be placed in fine buildings, apparatus and other external aids.

3. There may be small influence over the students, since parental government suits boys better than legal.

4. The grade of scholarship may be high in name, but very low in fact; the Catalogue may contain a large curriculum, but more than one-third may be elective, so that no one student prosecutes more than two-thirds of the apparent requisition.

whilst the remedy may be much more difficult. Universities, being very high authority, may proscribe all opposition; they may possibly sneer at other Colleges, brand all opposers with *erisy* and *maliciousness*, and firm in finances and position may be an age behind the times, and yet "no man durst ask them any questions." Their graduates, assuming metropolitan superiority, may ridicule everything not *a la mode*; and, whilst sipping toddy, and spending fortunes earned by hard labor, may sport with the best interests of society and curl the lip at scholars infinitely more profound, and gentlemen far more accomplished than themselves. We do not even insinuate that these evils do pertain to any Southern University, for almost any one of them ought to drive away all patronage.

SYMPATHY.

NAPOLEON AND LUCIEN:

A DIALOGUE FROM THE FRENCH.

Follow me, courteous reader, while I conduct you through the winding streets of the city of Milan. For a moment we pause to gaze on the wondrous dome of its gorgeous cathedral, and but for one moment; our way conducts us to the left, for one of those scenes which pass in a chamber, but which resound throughout the world, is about to transpire. Let us, then, enter the Palais Royal, ascend the grand staircase, and traverse numerous superb apartments splendidly decorated by the pencil of Apollon. At some future time we will stop and admire these frescoes which represent the four quarters of the globe, and this ceiling where the triumph of Augustus is graphically depicted; but at present a living picture awaits us. It is an historic scene which we are about to attempt to portray.

Softly, then, unclose the door of this chamber, that we may see without being seen. It is done: you perceive a man seated, and you immediately recognise him by the simplicity of the green uniform, the tight pantaloons of white cloth, and the flexible boots reaching to the knee. Look at the head, modelled like an antique marble statue; that narrow lock of hair, diminishing in size as it touches the bold and expansive forehead; those blue eyes, whose glance seems to penetrate the future; and those compressed lips. What calmness of expression! What consciousness of power and lion-like serenity! When those lips open, nations hush themselves and listen; when that eye flashes, the plains of Austerlitz send forth flames like a volcano; when that brow lowers, kings tremble. At the present moment, this man commands a hundred and twenty millions of men, ten nations echo his glory in as many different languages; for this man is greater than Caesar, and equal to Charlemagne: it is Napoleon the Great—the thundering Jupiter of France.

After a few moments of calm expectation, he fixes his eyes on the door, which opens and gives admission to a man dressed in a blue uniform, gray pantaloons, dividing below the knee in form of a heart, and riding boots. The moment we cast our eyes on this new comer we perceive a striking resemblance to him who appears to await his arrival. He is, however, taller, thinner, and less fair: it is Lucien Bonaparte, the republican of bygone days the iron support of the family.

The two brothers, who had not met since the battle of Austerlitz, gazed upon one another with a searching glance; for Lucien was the only one who had the same deep power of the eye as Napoleon. He stopped, after having advanced two or three steps into the room, when Napoleon rose to meet him, and extended his hand.

"My brother!" cried Lucien, throwing his arms round the neck of his elder brother—"my brother! what pleasure to see you once more."

"Leave us, gentlemen," said the emperor, waving his hand towards an assembled group. The three men who formed it, bowed and retired, without a word. Nevertheless the three who thus obeyed a mere gesture, were Duroc, Eugene, and Murat: a marshal, a prince, and a king.

"I sent for you, Lucien," said Napoleon, when he found himself alone with his brother.

brother's uniform, and looked steadfastly in his face. "What are your plans?" said he.

"My plans!" said Lucien, with surprise, "why the plans of one who lives retired and in solitude, far from the noise and excitement of the world; my plans are to finish peacefully, if I am able, a poem I have just commenced."

"Ay, ay," said Napoleon, ironically; "you are the poet of the family; you compose verses while I gain battles: when I die you shall recite my funeral oration. I shall at least have one advantage over Alexander, to have my Honor."

"Which is the happier man of the two?" said Lucien.

"You, certainly you," said Napoleon, leaving his hold of the button with an impatient gesture; "for you have not the misery of seeing in your family those who are indifferent to you, and perhaps even rebels."

Lucien folded his arms and gazed mournfully on the emperor.

"Those who are indifferent!" he repeated "remember the 18th of Brumaire. Rebels and where have you ever found me exciting rebellion?"

"It is rebellion not to serve me; who is not with me is against me. Come, Lucien, you know that you are dearest to me of all my brothers—he took his hand—"the only one capable of continuing the work I have begun; will you renounce the silent but steady opposition which you make me? When all the kings of Europe kneel before me, will you consider yourself humbled to bow the head amidst the train of flatterers which accompany my triumphal car? Will it always be a brother's voice which cries in my ear 'Caesar, forget not that thou art mortal! Come, Lucien, will you follow the route marked out?'"

"How has your majesty planned it?" said Lucien, with a suspicious glance.

The emperor walked silently towards a round table in the middle of the room, and grasping the corner of a large rolled map, he turned towards his brother, and said: "I am at the zenith of my fortune, Lucien; I have conquered Europe; it now only remains for me to mould it to my fancy. I am as victorious as Alexander, as powerful as Augustus, as great as Charlemagne; I can and will—Well!" He took the corner of the chart, and unrolled it on the table with a careless and graceful air. "Choose, my brother, there, the kingdom which pleases you best, and I give you my word of honor as an emperor, that, from the moment you touch it with the end of your finger, that kingdom is yours."

"And why make this proposition to me rather than either of my brothers?"

"Because you are the only one after my spirit, Lucien."

"How can that be, seeing my principles agree not with yours?"

"I had hoped that you were changed during the last four years," said Napoleon.

"You are deceived, my brother; I am the same as in the year '99: I will not exchange my cradle chair for a throne."

"Bah!" muttered Napoleon; and he paced up and down the chamber, speaking to himself—"Blinded and foolish must you be not to understand that fate has commissioned me to stop the progress of the guillotine-tumblers which men mistake for a republican car!" Then, suddenly stopping, and approaching his brother, he said: "But let me at any rate point you out these European kingdoms; which one is ripe for your sublime dream? Tell me, is it the Germanic body, where the only living things are the universities, a kind of republican pulse beating in a monarchial body? Is it Spain—Catholic only since the 13th century? Is it Russia, whose head perhaps may think, but whose members, galvanized a moment by the Czar Peter, having relapsed into paralysis? No! Lucien, no! believe me, the time is not yet come; renounce your Utopian follies, give me your hand as a brother and ally, and to-morrow I will make you the head of a great nation; I will acknowledge your wife as my sister, and restore you my entire friendship."

"I see how it is," said Lucien; "you despair of convincing, and you would bribe me." The emperor attempted to interrupt him: "Permit me to speak in my turn," continued Lucien; "for the moment is solemn, and it is likely we shall not meet again throughout our lives. I do not blame you for having misunderstood me; you have rendered so many men deaf and dumb, by filling their mouths and ears with gold,

that you fancied it would be the same with me as with them. You wish to make me a king, say you? Well! I accept the proposal, but only on condition that my kingdom shall not be a prefecture. You give me a people; I take them—it little matters to me which—but only on condition that I govern them according to their own ideas and necessities; I would have them love, and not dread me: from the day on which the crown, whether of Spain, Sweden, Wurtemberg, or Holland was placed on my head, I should no longer be French, but Spanish, German, or Dutch; my new people would be my only family. Consider it well: we should then not only be brothers by blood, but by rank. Your commands would be disregarded in my domains; should you march against me, I should resist you; doubtless you should prove conqueror, for you are a great general, and the just cause does not always triumph; then I should be a dethroned monarch, my people a conquered people, and it would rest with you to give both my crown and people to one more submissive or more grateful. I have done."

"Still the same," murmured Napoleon; then all at once, stamping his foot on the ground, he exclaimed: "Lucien, you forget that you have to obey me, as your father, your king."

"You are my elder—not my father: never will I bend my neck under your iron yoke—never, never!"

Napoleon became frightfully pale; his eyes took a terrible expression, and his lips trembled.

"Reflect on what I have said to you, Lucien," said he sternly.

"Reflect on what I now say to you, Napoleon. The spirit of liberty which you think to have stifled, is increasing and spreading on every side; you think to drive it before you—it follows in your train; as long as you are victorious, it will be silent; but let the day of reverses come, and you will then see whether you can lean upon this France, which you have rendered great, but enslaved. Every empire built up by violence and force will perish in the same manner. And thou, thou thyself, Napoleon, shalt fall from the empire of this empire! Thou shalt be crushed!"—(and he took his watch and dashed it on the ground)—"crushed as this watch from my hand; whilst we, remnants and ruins of thy fortune, shall be dispersed over the surface of the earth, because we belong to thee, and because we bear thy name; Adieu, sire!"

Lucien left the room. Napoleon remained immovable, his eyes fixed on the ground; at the end of five minutes the rolling of a carriage which left the palace was heard.

Napoleon rang the bell.

"What is that noise?" said he to the porter who came to the door.

"It is the carriage of your majesty's brother, who has just set out for Rome."

"That is well," said Napoleon, and his countenance resumed that calm and frigid expression beneath which he concealed, marked as it were, the deepest emotions of his soul. . . .

Scarcely had ten years passed away ere this prediction of Lucien was accomplished. The empire, raised by violence, was overturned by violence; Napoleon was crushed, and this family of eagles, whose eyrie was at the Tuilleries, was scattered, fugitive, proscribed, and wanderers over the world. The empress mother, who had given birth to an emperor, three kings, and two arch-duchesses, was living retired at Rome; Lucien in his principality of Canino; Louis at Florence; Joseph in the United States; Jerome in Wurtemberg; Elisa at Baden; Madame Borghese at Piombino, and the queen of Holland, at the castle of Arenenberg. Again, however, has the wheel of history turned round and a Buonaparte once more ably sways the sceptre of empire in France.

Leap Year.

We notice in the Northern papers frequent notices of leap year parties, where the ladies take the management of everything into their own hands; and of sleigh rides, where they hire the horses, invite their mail friends to take seats, and pay all the bills themselves—only conceding that some of the other sex shall hold the reins. But the most remarkable leap year development we have heard of, is the marriage of that masculine woman, the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown. A certain individual who no doubt, loved Black-well, but Brown better, has consented to sacrifice himself. We do not regard it as surprising that the strong-minded Antoinette has in the exercise of

her assumed rights, secured herself a partner, but it is singular that she should have waited for the advent of leap year. In contemplating all these strange fashions of the North, we can but congratulate Southern ladies upon their maidenly modesty which renders them happy and beautiful in the extreme.

The Farmer.

PREMIUM LIST.

For the Fourth Annual Fair of the North-Carolina State Agricultural Society, to be held in Raleigh the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of October, 1856.

Branch First.—Live Stock.

FIRST DIVISION.

1st Class.—Thoroughbred.

1 For the best Stallion over 4 years old, \$25
2 Second best do, 15
3 Best Stallion over two and under four years old, 15
4 Best Stallion Colt under 2 years old, 10
5 Best Brood Mare over four years old, 20
6 Second best do, 10
7 Best Brood Mare and Colt by her side, 20
8 Best Filly under four years old, 10
In this class, purity of blood being the highest point of distinction, a well authenticated pedigree must in every case accompany each animal put on exhibition to compete for any of the above prizes.

Second Class.—Draft Horses, for Road and Farm Work.

1 For the best Stallion over 4 years old, \$25
2 Second best do, 15
3 Best Stallion over two and under 4 years old, 15
4 Best Stallion Colt under 2 years old, 10
5 Best Brood Mare over 4 years old, 20
6 Second best do, 15
7 Best Filly over two and under four, 10

Third Class.—Matched Horses.

1 For the best pair matched Carriage Horses, 25
2 Best pair matched horses raised in the State, 25
3 Second best do, 20

Fourth Class.—Single Harness and Saddle Horses.

1 For the best single harness horse (mare or gelding), 20
2 Best single harness horse raised in the State, 20
3 Second best do, 15
4 Best saddle horse (mare or gelding), 20
5 Second best do, 15

In the classifications for saddle and harness horses, individual excellence in form, size, action and disposition, will be regarded as chief points of merit.

JACKS AND JENNETTS.

IMPORTED.

1 For the best Jack with approved certificate, \$25

2 Best Jennett with approved certificate, 15

RAISED IN THIS STATE.

1 For the best and largest Jack raised in the State, 25

2 Best and largest Jennett raised in the State, 15

MULES.

1 For the best pair mules over 3 yrs old raised in the State, 25

2 Second best do, 15

3 Best single mule raised in the State, 10

SECOND DIVISION.

CATTLE.

First Class.—Devone.

1 For the best bull over three years old, \$25

2 Second best do, 20

3 Best bull over 2 years and under 3, 20

4 Best bull over 1 year and under 2, 15

5 Best bull calf, 10

6 Best cow 3 years old and over, 20

7 Second best do, 15

8 Best cow over 2 years and under 3, 15

9 Best heifer calf, 10

The same classification adopted, and the same premiums offered for Durham, Ayrshire, Alderney and Herefords.

GRADES OR MIXED BLOOD AND NATIVE CATTLE.

1 For the best bull over 3 years old, 20

2 Best bull under 3 years old, 15

3 Best cow under 3 years old, 12

WORKING OXEN.

1 For the best pair of work oxen, 20

2 Second best do, 10

In this class, size, action and docility will be regarded as chief points of merit.

FAT CATTLE.

1 For the best lot of fat cattle not less than three, 25

2 Best single fat ox, cow or spayed heifer, 7

MILK COWS.

1 For the best milk cow, giving not less than 20 quarts, 15

2 Second best do, 10

Quality as well as quantity to be taken into consideration to determine the best cow, and the length of time the cow will give milk, escutcheon marks, &c., &c.

THIRD DIVISION.

SHEEP.

First Class.—Merino, Cotswold and Southdowns.

1 For the best Black, \$25

2 " " pen of ewes, not less than three, 15

3 " " pen of Lambs, not less than three, 10

Original Poetry.

Pray for Me, Dearest.

FOR THE TIMES.
BY A. PERRY SPERRY.
Pray for me, dearest, when the evening star
Glads the green earth with its silvery beam;
Pray for me, dearest, when night falls from afar,
And birds and flowers close their eyes and dream;
When moon-beams gild the wavelets of the deep,
And vapors float upon the balmy air,
And when the mild dove folds her wings to sleep,
Then for me, dearest, offer up thy prayer.
Pray for me, dearest, when the morning breaks
And floods the earth with golden radiance o'er;
When bee and bird, and flower, again awakes,
And sun-lit waves leap gladly to the shore;
When white clouds blush beneath the sun's soft kiss,
And birds, their native hymns are breathing
Everywhere,
When from the world of dreams thy soul returns
To this—
Then for me, dearest, offer up a prayer.
Pray for me, dearest, when worn with rosy hue
Shall softly upon the blue eyes of the day,
And when the noon-day's sun has sipped the dew
That like rich diamonds on the flowers lay,
Pray for me, dearest, pray at every hour,
Whether the darkness or the light be near,
Pray earnestly, for God who has the power,
Will always answer fervent earnest prayer.
New York, Dec., 1855.

Our Easy Chair.

"Always laugh while you can—it is a cheap medicine. Mirthfulness is philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence."

GREENSBOROUGH, FEB. 9.

"Women are called the 'softer sex,' because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a plain honest man."—Ex-chance.

Who believes that? Does any of our readers? Will any woman say so? If she will then we will publish it as a fact. Where is the chap that set it afloat upon the sea of ink, where the nevertiring jaws of the scissors which will ever keep it upon the surface? Is there any one so mean, contemptible, "Bah!" cried our only plague, Grate; "don't you know Miss," (giving her name) "kicked Tom just because he was not rich enough for her; when, consarn it, she ain't worth a red cent? Don't you know how your sweet little gal hoisted you because you were too proud to flatter her and make a fool of yourself? Oh, you needn't try to fool me. I've seen too much of it in this town—I tell you it is about as true as preaching."

Jordan is a hard Road to Travel.

The chill winds howl as it sweeps o'er the bosom of the snow-clad earth; the little birds are being tamed by hunger; the timid, long-eared rabbit looks with a melancholy gaze upon his once plump back, and feels that his days of grace are almost numbered; the poor, whose feet have learned the sad lesson of peeping through their shoes, as they toil hard all day for barely enough to sustain them, sigh to think of better comforts, which they are doomed, alas! never to enjoy; the Easy Chair sits rough and rickety to us when we are forced to sit for hours and read and scratch our heads without finding an article suitable for the scissors, or an original idea; yes, each, *all of us* are forced to admit, that "Jordan is" indeed "a hard road to travel." But what is the use of complaining? What ever is, is, whether right or wrong; and repining will not make it better. "It is best to be moderate," is the sage advice of one who spoke from experience.

But, some people will never be satisfied. If they had the "strings" in their own hands they would get vexed with themselves. For this last month we have heard nothing from this class but prayers for the snow to melt; now it is melting, and they are complaining of the mud. "O, my people do not consider!" Remember friends ye who are never pleased with this world, that there is a worse one "on the other side of Jordan." We are not informed whether there will be either mud or snow; but one thing is plainly taught, that "it is a hard road to travel." Console yourselves, then, for "the loveliest valley has a muddy swamp, and the noblest mountains a piercing blast. The prettiest face is most subject to freckles; and the handsomest girl is apt to be proud; the most sentimental lady loves pork, and the gravest mother lets her children gorge. The kindest wife will sometimes overlook an absent shirt button, and the husband forgets to kiss his wife every time he steps outside the gate, and the best dispositioned child in the world get angry and squal; and the smartest scholar will miss a lesson, and the wittiest say something stupid, and the wittiest essayist write some nonsense, and the stars will fall, and the moon suffer eclipse—and men won't be angels, nor earth heaven;" but a clear conscience and good appetite will make most things agreeable, if you can raise the "where-with" to satiate the latter. But if not, then "Jordan is a hard road to travel!"

"Overcome evil with good," as the gentlemen said when he knocked down a burglar with the family Bible.

The Worth of Woman.

Honored be woman! She beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss o'er our thorn-covered ways—
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Too Bad for the Devil.

(Scene, a Rail Road Car.)
"Which way, now Tom, thought you, was gone to Normal College."
"Well, I was gone there, but you see it's too bad for the devil. So I left in double quick time."
"Why, how so, I thought Normal College was taking pretty high rank, of late."
"You see I hadn't been there five minutes till the President looked clean through me, and just hinted that I had better room with a very steady boy; in a day or two, he told me I must not drink any more liquor; next day, said he, I'll thank you for that deck of cards, and the next day, I'll be confounded if he didn't tell my dream of the night before."
"Well, you see that was being cooped pretty close, but next night they prayed for me in the chapel, next morning they said grace over me, and before noon I heard two little boys make a vow to pray for me till the Easter holidays. So by zounds, I'm off, for the devil in me got decidedly uneasy, in fact he said it was too bad."

A dashing and fashionable widow threatens to sue some gentleman for a breach of promise, merely to let it be known that she's in the market.

A parent who strikes a child in anger, is like a man who strikes the water; and the consequences of the blow are sure to fly up in his own face.

"I thought you were born on the first of April," said a benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birth day.

"Most people would think so from the choice I made of a husband," she replied.

A lady who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by her friend to use her tongue pretty freely after.—"There was a time when I almost imagined she had none."

"Yes," said her husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since."

Boes, I want twenty-five cents.
"Twenty-five cents! How soon do you want it Jack?"
"Next Tuesday."

"As soon as that! You can't have it. I have told you often that when you are in want of so large an amount of money you must give me at least four weeks' notice!"

An impassioned youth thus addressed his "bright particular." "One word from your lips will make me happy, when will you speak it? Her answer was, "Wednesday, at the Altar." To which he sent the following beautiful and laconic reply,—
"Nuff sed, consider me in."

"Pap, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think came up?"

"Why, potatoes, of course."
"No, sir-ee! There came up a drove of hogs and eat them all."
The "old man gin in."

ABOUT WHISKERS.—"Of all things," says the Dublin University, "avoid a vulgar whisker." This is of various kinds. A short, scrubby, indomitable red whisker, is a vulgar whisker; a weak, fuzzy white, moth-eaten, mouldy whisker, is a vulgar whisker; a twisting, sentimental, cork-screw of a whisker, is a vulgar whisker; a big, black, bluff, brutal-looking whisker, is a vulgar whisker; a mathematical, methodical, master-of-arts-ideal diagram of a whisker, is a vulgar whisker. What ever is not any of these, will do.

A NOVEL ANSWER.—A few Sabbath's since, in a town in the vicinity of this city, a teacher of a Sunday School was engaged in questioning his pupils upon subjects connected with their previous studies in the Bible. At last, turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked "What Adam lost by his fall?" Pat, for a few moments, was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened as he interjectedly replied: "An' was it his hat, sir!"—Boston Traveller.

STOP THAT BOY.—A cigar is in his mouth as he sauntered in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the mayor of the town, higher than the lord chancellor. Stop him; he is going too fast. He don't see himself as others see him. He don't savor his speed. Stop him ere he tobacco sates his nerves, ere pride ruin his character, ere the longer master the man; ere good ambition and mad manly strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion—the shame of their families, the disgrace of their towns, thesed and solemn reproaches of themselves.

YOU OUGHT TO GET MARRIED.—For why? 'Cause the nights are so cold, and you're real growing old; and long-keeping, we're told; spoils things manifold—Unless tis religion and whisky! You ought to get married. For why? You'd have something to cheer you; a loving wife near you; the ghosts would all fear you, and small fry endear you; Provided you got such close by!

You ought to get married. For why? Single life has no bliss—and if wedded you kiss, right or wrong, hit or miss, your wife and her sister, and may be her cousin—sohly!

YOU OUGHT TO GET MARRIED.—For why? Married men all grow fat—they know too, that's "what," they wear a good hat, and eschew strong drink at all—So they say, but that's all in their eye!

You ought to get married. For why? You'd be soon up to snuff, 'mist smooth things and rough; if your wife's tongue is tough, you'll have something to bluff, that would give you enough, to do to keep your collar well starched, and your buttons, button holes, stockings and sundry other little arrangements, including your good temper, from being knocked into pi.

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn off its night, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the pains of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.

The Times:

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INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.
To this subject we expect to devote as much space as a full statement of the various operations will require; for as our works of improvement advance, so do all the other interests of the State.

EDUCATION.
It is a source of regret to all interested in the educational interests of our State, (and who is not?) that our papers are so much devoted to party politics, &c., that this great cause has been too much neglected; we propose, therefore, to devote to this subject, a portion of our space. We will foster and carefully note the advancement of Education, not only in our higher Schools, but also in our Common Schools, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURE AND COMMERCE.

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Greensboro, N. C., Jan. 1. 1856.

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OF

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